

R. Edgren's
COLUMN

Fulton Says He's Going to Remain Here Until He Has Taken Scalps of Reich, Coffey, Moran and Dillon.

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

FRED FULTON, heavyweight, is in our midst. No matter what we may think about it, he says he's going to remain here until he has taken the pugilistic scalps of Reich, Coffey, Moran and Dillon. Fulton's manager, Tom Collins, has an explanation of that twenty round affair with Porky Flynn in New Orleans. Says he:

"I don't believe in alibis for any fighter, but in this case I will give it to you as it was. It was a well known fact in New Orleans before and after the fight that Fulton was confined to a sick bed six days before the fight. Can you imagine a man with a frame the size of Jess Willard weighing 185 pounds? Well, that's what Fulton weighed when he boxed Porky Flynn, and his regular fighting weight when in good condition is from 220 to 230 pounds. We tried hard to postpone the show, but there was no chance, as the Herman-Williams fight was on the next week, and as neither myself nor Fulton is a millionaire, we needed the money badly. We took a chance and won the fight, even handicapped as he was. Fulton in ordinary condition will stop Porky Flynn in about the same time as he did Jim Flynn. I have handled Fulton's business for the past eleven months. In that time he has had twenty-three fights. He has knocked out every man he has met but one. That one I have already truthfully explained. I have seen nearly all the heavyweights in action. I think he will stop every one of them in order. He will knock out any man he hits, and he can hit with either hand and box lines all around all of the highly press-agented fighters of New York City.

Fulton looks tall enough to fight any one. Of course, if he was sick in bed for six days before the Porky Flynn fight and dropped from 220 or 230 to 185 pounds in that time, he must have been a little out of condition. Having thirty or forty pounds picked right off your frame in that way would annoy any one. So I will defend Fulton's performance until we see him in action.

THERE'S one good thing about Fulton. He used to be a plasterer. One of the greatest fighters ever seen in this country, fifteen years ago, was Tommy West. And Tommy was, and still is, a plasterer. He's probably the best plasterer we have in this country. Tommy West used a peculiarly wicked hook to the body. He has often told me that he acquired this blow through his trade. He was certainly a hard worker. At one time West thought of giving up fighting. He started a gymnast and ran it for some time. But then he was offered a good match. Tommy knew that his fighting style had been ruined by taping lightly when he was a well known instructor, and he felt that his punch wasn't there. So he first worked for a week or so plastering, and then hitting some one with his fists. He finished his training with daily slugging bouts. Result—he won his fight in good style.

THE heavy work done by a plasterer is much like the work of an old-time ship caulker. The word "caulker" as applied to a blow struck by a caulker. Originally it was "caulking" a caulker's blow was supposed to be as fatal as the blow of a mallet, for the caulker's wrists and forearms attained phenomenal development through the constant wielding of the caulker's mallet while driving oakum into the seams between the planks.

John Fitzgerald is supposed to have derived a great part of his wonderful hitting power through having been a horseherd for several years. Jim Jeffries and Kunkin, both hard hitters, were iron workers.

Men who have followed trades in which they developed the wrists and forearms by hard work have almost invariably made the most effective fighters. The exceptions are few.

JOHN MCGRAW has become quite a golfer. John played in first place down in Havana a year ago last January. If I remember correctly, he went around the first nine holes in about eighty strokes.

But a little while ago, when the team was in Dallas, Tex., John put one over on Hughie Jennings, who is rated all with the golf clubs.

John and Hughie met on the course of the Dallas Country Club. About the second hole Hughie made a beautiful long drive. He drove too far. In fact, getting into the bunker on the opposite side of the green. McGraw reached the green in three.

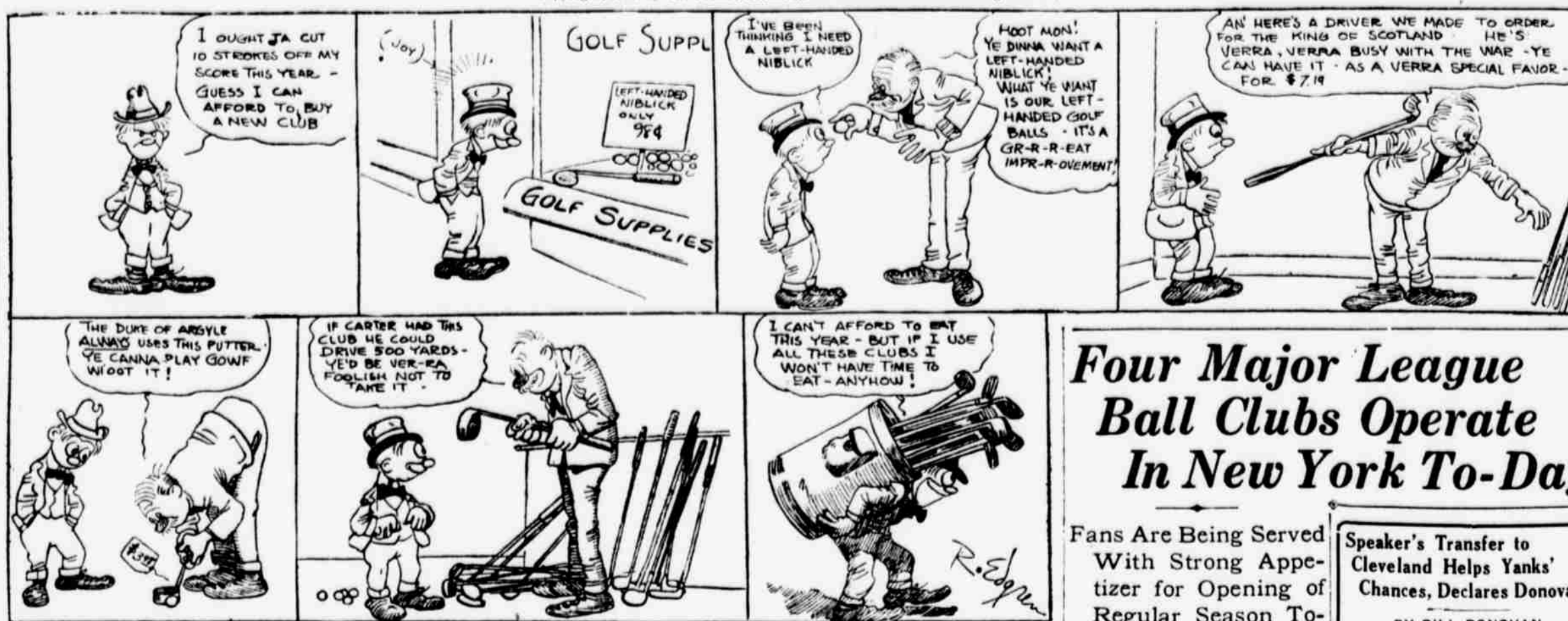
"John!" exclaimed Jennings. "I'll be up there with one little niblick shot. You're hooked!"

Hughie took a niblick shot and succeeded in covering the ball with sand. He nudged it out with a second try. At the sixth attempt to get out of that bunker Hughie lost his smile and began to speak in various languages. It was on the seventeenth shot that he finally popped the ball over to the green. Meanwhile John McGraw was rolling on the ground in hysterics. When he could stop laughing and get his breath he began "riding" Hughie. Baseball players are all good kidders and McGraw is a veteran. For once in his life Jennings lost his cool completely. The final score showed McGraw so far ahead that Jennings is still counting up his score.

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

IN THE SPRINGTIME

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)



"No One Ever Taught Me," Says Champion Swimmer Vollmer Explaining Skill

Youth, Who Broke World's Record, Never Had Instruction, and Mastered Different Strokes Through Hard Practice.

HAROLD VOLLMER, a twenty-one-year-old Columbia student who taught himself how to swim, won the national 220-yard championship last night in the New York Athletic Club pool. This New York youth, the season's aquatic sensation, not only defeated the country's greatest swimmers for his latest title, but created a new world's record—2:23.4-5—for the distance.

Vollmer's success may be summed up in one word—perseverance. The new champion took to the water about the same time he learned to walk, and he's been in it mostly ever since, plunging away with one stroke after another until he reached the point where he could get more speed out of his arms and legs than any other man-fish.

A Vollmer victory in the national championship was generally expected. He had been winning his races in convincing style and was the favorite for the national title. As for Vollmer, he preferred to propel his body with record speed through the water than to talk about his most notable achievement. In his dressing room after his sensational victory, while garbed like September Moran's big brother, the young champion reluctantly talked about himself.

"I guess it came natural to me," said Vollmer, who made a feeble attempt to explain his wonderful racing skill. "I taught myself how to swim. Water always had a great fascination for me."

"Like thousands of other young fellows, I started by paddling around. Then it was simply a case of long practice. Every vacation I got from school I spent at some beach. Here in the city I would use the indoor pools frequently. No one ever showed me the strokes. First it was the breast stroke, then the side stroke and finally the crawl. I made pretty good progress with the crawl and started to compete in races when I was seventeen. That's about all there was to it."

Vollmer gives a word of advice to other racing swimmers to perfect their own stroke. He says that some coaches will start one off with the crawl while others will begin with the easier breast stroke, but it is the new champion's opinion that one should be natural and master the stroke that comes easiest.

Vollmer declares that swimming takes so much of his time that he doesn't attempt any other sports. To keep himself in racing condition the new title holder trains all the time. He has to in order that his wind won't go wrong.

Now that he's captured the national championship Vollmer says he won't go after other titles but will devote himself to the defense of his new honors.

Hal Vollmer, six feet two and weighing 165, comes near being the ideal athlete, the kind the old Roman sculptors would have raved over. He hardly looks his twenty-one years. His hair in a pompadour shows the approved style of the regular college youth.

In the water the new champion combines strength of arms and legs with a great amount of grace that makes his stroke a masterpiece of smoothness. He cuts through with hardly any splashing, though his legs all the while are working like a pair of piston rods.

Vollmer's victory last night was a thriller. The N. Y. A. C. tank was surrounded on its four levels with hundreds of swimmers and spectators. The eliminations were held Sunday afternoon. Duke Kahanamoku of Honolulu, regarded as the greatest swimmer in the world, failed to sur-

Golfers, Look for Bargains In Golf Balls After To-Day

Don't be surprised to-morrow if you read in the papers the announcement of bargains in golf balls. At 12 o'clock to-night the Haskell patent on golf balls expires, having had the usual seventeen years' reign. There have been few manufacturers of the elusive rubber-cored pellets here because of the fact that big royalties had to be paid the owners of the Haskell patent. Not so the British manufacturers. The Haskell patent was not upheld in the English courts, with the result that there has been great competition in the manufacture of golf balls and the consequent drop in prices.

With the expiration of the Haskell patent it will largely be English made balls that will be sold here and at bargain rates, too, for there'll be no royalties to be paid the Haskell patent people on all golf balls sold in the U. S. A. The Haskell patent does not cover the liquid core balls. They come under the old Kempshall patent, which still has two more years to run, so all makers of liquid core balls will have to continue paying royalties to the owners of the Kempshall rights.

FISTIC NEWS AND GOSSIP

By John Pollock

Charley (Young) Weinert, the young heavyweight of Newark, N. J., who sprang a surprise recently by giving Dan "Porky" Flynn, the Boston fighter, a bad beating in a contest at the Broadway Sporting Club of Brooklyn, was matched to-day for another round bout in this city. He will go against Andre Anderson, the giant heavyweight of Chicago, in the main bout at a boxing show of the Stadium A. C. in the Manhattan Opera House on Saturday night. Anderson was to have fought Al. Reich at the same club on April 23, but Fred Fulton agreed to box the latter on that date.

There is no chance of Benny Leonard fighting Charley in Kansas City, despite the fact that he was offered \$5,000 for his end. Billy Gibson stated today that he had turned down the offer as he has already been offered \$10,000 for the bout with the latter on the 23rd.

John Reiser, who exhibits bouts in the Harlem Sporting Club, is going to apply for a license to run a school at the club at Hamilton Station, Rockaway Beach, this summer. Reiser's club will be located in the same building on Made Avenue that the Wallace A. C. occupied last year.

Al Lopez, manager of Jeff Smith, the Hawaiian middleweight, is now anxious Mike Gibbons of Baltimore to meet Smith in a return battle of ten rounds in this city, or twenty rounds in New Orleans. Al says he will give Gibbons a guarantee of \$5,000 to fight Smith, and if he is not satisfied with the result he will pay the rest of the money.

Another foreign champion will make his first appearance in a boxing bout in this country to-night. He is Fred Eder, the welterweight champion of England. Eder will go against Tommy Robson, the noted local fighter, in the star bout of ten rounds at the Pioneer Sporting Club boxing hall on West Forty-fourth Street. In the main bout "Chick" Miller meets Eddie Clifford for ten rounds.

Eddie Campbell, the California bantamweight, and Charlie Leonard, brother of Benny Leonard, will meet in a ten-round bout at the Queensboro A. C. of Bayside on Thursday night. Campbell will face Dick Lord.

Robideau Defeats Duffy. PHILADELPHIA, April 11.—Sam Robideau defeated Jimmy Duffy, the little New Yorker, in the star bout at the Olympia A. C. last night. While it was listed as the star bout it was far from interesting. Duffy, a good game boxer, had been trying to get close to Robideau, but the latter with every advantage, including many pounds in weight, would not let him do so.

Flaming Knocks Out Boye. PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 11.—Frankie Fleming, Canadian champion, knocked out Finney Boye in the ninth round of a scheduled twelve-round bout at Woonsocket last night. A right hand punch under the heart did the trick.

Thirty-three horses from the Haras du Gazan, the Normandy stud of the late Herman H. Duryea, which will be sold in the paddock at Belmont Park on May 27, arrived here at the Atlantic Transport Line pier, as Mrs. Duryea herself, Walter Vossburgh, Doc McCully, W. L. Powers and several horsemen, who have not yet heard the call of Maryland, came to look the youngsters over.

They were a fine looking lot too, and stood the long, albeit pleasant, voyage well. Special quarters were built on the forward deck, so it was more or less of a first class trip for them and they appeared to be in splendid condition. The three older horses, thirteen two-year-olds and seven yearlings, were in the care of Peter Fleming, who went over to France for them last February.

Nine of the two-year-olds are by Irish Lad, two by Rabelais, one by Uncle and one by the French sire Rireux Larmer. These probably will be seen under colors this year, for they have been named for the stakes at the Empire City meeting and Saratoga Springs. Most of the yearlings are the get of Sweeper and Irish Lad.

The older horses, and these have

Rose Captures Fob by Hitting Headpin for 108

SCHEDULE TO-NIGHT.

Greenwich-K. C. (4), Germania (2), Holy Family Lyceum (6), Nightingale (2), Natraps (2), Nescio, Public Service Company, Newark (2), Park (2), Robinson A. & A., Washington Square (2).

Last night's bowling in The Evening World free headline tournament at Thum's White Elephant Academy added another fob winner to the rapidly increasing medal list. E. Rose of the Bronx Palace No. 4 team put over the honor score of 108, while the quiet rolled the best total for the evening.

Boxing Palace No. 5—Lett 90, Agosta 91, Krueger 88, Walcott 88, Total 357. Board of Health—Bingo 50, Madson 48, Knechtle 40, Co. No. 6, McGowan 58, Sanderson 40, Walcott 40, Total 208.

Boxing Palace No. 2—Zeller 64, Smith 66, Mann 62, Total 192. Board of Health—Bingo 50, Madson 48, Knechtle 40, Co. No. 6, McGowan 58, Sanderson 40, Walcott 40, Total 208.

Boxing Palace No. 3—Lett 90, Agosta 91, Krueger 88, Walcott 88, Total 357. Board of Health—Bingo 50, Madson 48, Knechtle 40, Co. No. 6, McGowan 58, Sanderson 40, Walcott 40, Total 208.

Boxing Palace No. 4—Lett 90, Agosta 91, Krueger 88, Walcott 88, Total 357. Board of Health—Bingo 50, Madson 48, Knechtle 40, Co. No. 6, McGowan 58, Sanderson 40, Walcott 40, Total 208.

Boxing Palace No. 5—Lett 90, Agosta 91, Krueger 88, Walcott 88, Total 357. Board of Health—Bingo 50, Madson 48, Knechtle 40, Co. No. 6, McGowan 58, Sanderson 40, Walcott 40, Total 208.

Boxing Palace No. 6—Lett 90, Agosta 91, Krueger 88, Walcott 88, Total 357. Board of Health—Bingo 50, Madson 48, Knechtle 40, Co. No. 6, McGowan 58, Sanderson 40, Walcott 40, Total 208.

Boxing Palace No. 7—Lett 90, Agosta 91, Krueger 88, Walcott 88, Total 357. Board of Health—Bingo 50, Madson 48, Knechtle 40, Co. No. 6, McGowan 58, Sanderson 40, Walcott 40, Total 208.

Boxing Palace No. 8—Lett 90, Agosta 91, Krueger 88, Walcott 88, Total 357. Board of Health—Bingo 50, Madson 48, Knechtle 40, Co. No. 6, McGowan 58, Sanderson 40, Walcott 40, Total 208.

Boxing Palace No. 9—Lett 90, Agosta 91, Krueger 88, Walcott 88, Total 357. Board of Health—Bingo 50, Madson 48, Knechtle 40, Co. No. 6, McGowan 58, Sanderson 40, Walcott 40, Total 208.

Boxing Palace No. 10—Lett 90, Agosta 91, Krueger 88, Walcott 88, Total 357. Board of Health—Bingo 50, Madson 48, Knechtle 40, Co. No. 6, McGowan 58, Sanderson 40, Walcott 40, Total 208.

Four Major League Ball Clubs Operate In New York To-Day

Fans Are Being Served With Strong Appetizer for Opening of Regular Season To-Morrow—Giants to Play Toronto, Yanks Face Dodgers Again and Braves Play Fordham.

By Bozeman Bulger.

WITH four major league clubs operating in Greater New York to-day, the fan who takes to that sort of thing ought to be all fussed up and well set for the Big Fracas which may be expected within twenty-four hours—weather permitting. It has become necessary in this day and time to put a qualifying statement about the weather in every public or private statement pertaining to baseball, or it may go flat on its nose. Especially does it apply to the annual opening.

Officially there was no baseball going on around here yesterday, but under cover it was boiling. In a dry corner of the Polo Grounds the Giants were trying out the second string men who have just arrived from the South, the Yanks were hurling the Dodgers and Toronto were held up in a corner of Ebbets Field for bunting practice and the one time champion Boston Braves did not nearly all the mud on Fordham Heights.

Just what the Braves were doing here on what seemed like a special mission George Stallings admitted last night that they were going to play the Fordham College team this afternoon. He expressed a wish that all New York did not know about it. Our disposition to remain calm in the face of it amazed him.

"We are going to stay right here playing these boys until the regular season opens," he declared, "and after dodging those bean balls pitched by the collegians we haven't the slightest fear of what may happen at Brooklyn Wednesday."

The Dodgers and Yanks have another post-season game to play at Ebbets Field to-day, weather permitting (you can't get away from that elevated alibi) and it threatens to be a regular affair. Your Uncle Wilbur Robbie is "all set up" and still running around in circles, hollering about that beating his coming champs got last week.

But that isn't all—not by a jugful. The main announcement: The second team of the Giants is donning warpaint to-day, preparatory to tackling the champions of the Interborough League at the Polo Grounds. In case you may be in doubt, the Interborough team is made up of the fellows who chop tickets, announce stations, draw royalties and do other odd jobs around the subway and the elevated. If you should hear one of the coaches yell: "Watch your step!" don't think there is anything the mat-

Speaker's Transfer to Cleveland Helps Yanks' Chances, Declares Donovan

By BILL DONOVAN.

(Manager of the Yankees.) I figure we should stick around the top all year. We should run one, two or three. I can't see how we can do any worse. We have a well-rounded team now, which I figure to be stronger in every position. Speaker's transfer to Cleveland will help our chances a lot. I figure the sale of Speaker was a fine thing for the league, as it will even up the race all around. It will make our chances better, as the loss of Speaker will take the kick out of the Boston Club. There is no use underestimating what Speaker has done for the Red Sox. I sure would like to have him on my club.

That is the cry of encouragement to base runners. And another thing: Don't get it into your head that those Interborough boys can't play baseball. In the last few years they have turned out several professionals who are making good in the majors and are expected to call to the majors. One of the star pitchers for the subway boys, for instance, is Hank Mathewson, a brother of the redoubtable Christy, athlete and author.

At a banquet given by the Interborough League last year, Harry Hempstead was present and promised to give the boys a chance to meet the Giants. This game fulfils his promise. While the youngsters, or second string men of the Giants, are watching their steps, the veterans will be in New Haven giving an exhibition of the pastime as she should be played for the benefit of the New England Leaguers and Yale undergraduates.

There was much disappointment over the failure of the Giants and Yanks to play yesterday, and at the hour of combat there were at least a thousand fans waiting at the gates of the Polo Grounds. They had not seen the notice calling the game off. It was almost impossible to play, right field being covered with snow and slush and left field like a quagmire. Manager McGraw made a personal inspection of the grounds and decided not to play.

The post season series between the Yanks and Giants is, therefore, over, and the Giants are hereby officially proclaimed champions, having won one and lost none—a percentage of 100.

George Stallings, here with his Braves, thinks he has an excellent chance of winning back that pennant lost to the Phillies last year.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Hope that rain doesn't play a double header to-morrow.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

PUTTING 'EM OVER With "Bugs" Baer

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

RABBIT RUDOLPH SAYS

"T RIFLE more snobbishness and colleges will find it easier to number the spectators."

Lannin is unravelling the Red Sox.

New York may present Fred Fulton with the keys to some other city.

Work has a conflicting date with baseball to-morrow.

Wilbert Robinson says the Dodgers are going to finish no far ahead that the best team will be found.

The Baltimore Feds are taking a long time to cool off.

Cosmo Mack has refused to trade Lannin the Liberty Bell for the Baker Hill Monument.

When a Boston fan meets President Lannin we want a ringside seat.

The Columbia hockey season opened and closed the same day.

PAUL REVERE JR.

Lissen, my children, and you shall

Of the midnight sprint of Paul Revere.

Tris Speaker sold: was the wild alarm.

Gossiped by Paul to village and farm.

Start this go through life figuring themselves first, then themselves again and then you.

The Boston fans think they are the ones who have been sold.

Dislike innuendoes, but the present Secretary of War hails from Cleveland.

Boxing Zee claims to have the only whoopee call in the world, and that is "Frazz Baker drops a sacral in fly over the house."

The Yanks will endeavor to snow on Clark Griffith.

Duke Kahanamoku has just discovered that there is a second place in a race.

At least six Tommy Lannin's should have no competition on and this number.

Why should Yale object to having numbers on their backs? None of their opponents ever get 'em.

ANSWERS TO QUEERIES.

I. N. K.—Honus Wagner is of age.

Z. T.—Oscar Stange never ran for Ty Cobb.

Roffle—Germany Schaefer will try to convince the fans that a three-base wild throw is almost as funny as a fumbled fly.

G. U. M.—Never heard of a soup fork. If you want to be a gastronome, eat spaghetti or some other supper that will bend. Requires no influence to get robbed in this town. So, Jesse James, wait to get it in the regular promoter's way. It's better 534, but most of 'em were foul.

X. X.—Presumably Lannin will trade you a Linnin for your old Canadian dime.

Ima Grant—You jumble your words too much. We couldn't follow you and booted your letter for a field goal.

Old Man Winter always seems to have another encore up his sleeve.

Big general water companies will soon be asking their customers to pay for water in nothing but their brand.

Hope that rain doesn't play a double header to-morrow.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.

Still paging Mr. Villa.